

WAR THROUGH A PARTY WALL.

REG SHAKING AT OPEN WINDOWS BEGAN IT ALL

And There's No Hope of Peace Now Between the Brombergs and the Harrises

The calm graystone facade of the flat house at 136 and 138 West Ninety-first street never gave a whisper to casual pedestrians that there is strife within. One could pass as close as two feet from the ground floor flats, which are separated only by a party wall, and not get an inkling of the facts that one lady accuses another of rapping on the dividing wall to keep the other awake all night and that the other brings three horned devil figures at the windows opening upon the common light shaft, whereupon the other gets back at the other by hanging a false face of an ancient lady in the window and says, "That's you," while the other answers back that the other is another.

Members of both the contending families, the owners of each house, the landlords and the cooks were induced to speak freely yesterday of the war that began almost two years ago and is now approaching a climax, but all expressed a hope that only the leading incidents and no more would see the light of newspaper type. And how in the world did it ever get out, anyway?

Mr. Edward—pronounced Ed-oo-warr—Bromberg, a bass-baritone by profession, lives with his wife, Mrs. Emilie Bromberg, who teaches piano playing by hand in the left-hand ground floor flat of 138. The three Misses Harris live in the right hand flat at 136. The party wall, therefore, divides them, but it isn't any too strong. The item that Mr. Bromberg is a basso cantante enters into the difficulty only slightly, whereas the janitor says that if Bromberg were a basso cantante, which is a most serious matter—the question of which family should move first would probably come to a head quicker.

Mrs. Bromberg placed her fingers across her lips mysteriously yesterday when she was asked for a few brief opinions about the Misses Harris of the other side of the party wall, and she carefully selected a Morris chair for a window as she opened up on the merits of the case. As she proceeded in a recital of what she termed neighborly persecutions it was gathered that everything began a year ago last summer, when Mrs. Bromberg discovered Miss Emilie Harris shaking a rug opposite an open bromberg window.

After the resultant airblast dialogue had petered out to a mere running fire of conversation, Miss Harris laid aside her weapon, armed herself with a more formidable weapon, the Harris sisters' phonograph. Mrs. Bromberg says that for the rest of the summer the Harris phonograph bell pointed straight out the Harris window with a bead on the Bromberg and steadily twittered tra-la-las. The basso cantante soul of Mr. Bromberg withered and drooped before the sixth month of the "One is hardly Loves Me" and he fled to a table near another window further back to continue his regular morning work of clipping out newspaper notices of his concert. As the clipped leaflets came in, Mrs. Bromberg, who asserts Mrs. Bromberg, Miss Emilie Harris, and another woman with a bouquet of empty bottles tied with a wire and began to jangle the clatter till tired.

The basso cantante finally fled over to Columbus avenue to rest his brain beneath the elevated tracks and when he had left Mrs. Bromberg says that one of the Misses Harris began to bang the three little horned devils in the side windows, one to each window, and that when Mrs. Bromberg moved from room to room Miss Harris spoke openly of a family resemblance between the red devils and Mrs. Bromberg.

The first real animosity broke loose a few weeks ago, says Mrs. Bromberg, when Mrs. Harris complained to the Health Department that almost every time a Bromberg window was opened a Harris rug was shaken in front of it. Somewhat in authority called upon the Harris window and reminded them of the city ordinance against shaking rugs at windows. One point for Mrs. Bromberg. And that night the wall began to tap.

The tapping, according to all parties concerned, is the most dreadful feature of the disturbance. "We simply can't get a night's sleep since this terrible, nerve racking tapping on the party wall," said the families on each side of the wall yesterday. "One is hardly settled into one's first sleep when that woman over there [Mrs. Bromberg] was referring to Miss Harris and Miss Harris was referring to Mrs. Bromberg's tapping and pound and drum on the wall to wake me. Then it stops until Mrs. Bromberg means Miss Harris and vice versa. I can't sleep again and Mrs. Bromberg is tapping. It's driving me crazy. I don't want to sleep any more since I should have been here for ten months [Mrs. Bromberg] six years [Mrs. Harris] I don't see why I should let that woman drive me out."

"You think the wall tapping is on the other side?" Mrs. Harris was asked after the owner of the house, Frank Koch, which the Brombergs live and some other of the Bromberg side had been asked to see the Misses Harris didn't stop hammering on the wall at all hours there would be a case in the police courts before long. "Why not?" exclaimed Mrs. Harris. "Of course I do start my sweeping and other household work before the Brombergs are out of bed—they sleep till almost noon, you know, and they're singing or piano pupils there all morning and afternoon and—"

"And of course they can't put mufflers on my carpet sweeper and I suppose it does no good, but the wall tapping is times and the way Mrs. Bromberg shook rugs out of her windows before she complained about my doing it was frightful, and if I was a piano player I should be tapping and everything so nice I should move. But I can't let that woman drive me out."

"Now, don't work yourself up, Miss Harris," said Mrs. Charles Ritzman, who has been living in the house since the Harrises live. "You're getting excited. Please don't talk about moving."

"Did you hang the horned devils in the window and call to Mrs. Bromberg that they looked like her?" the lady was asked. "Oh, I ought to see the false face of an old maid all done up with a foolish can she hang in her window," replied Miss Harris. "Oh, I don't mind, she would yell at me. The surroundings here are so lovely that I hate to give them up, but if I must leave, I must."

"I shouldn't let that woman drive you if I were you," suggested Mrs. Landman, the landlady. "It would be going to be."

"Something is going to happen," said Mrs. Landman, who lives in the apartment above the Brombergs, and that is, "if the all night tapping doesn't stop on the other side."

Bromberg maintains that when Mrs. Harris went on a vacation last summer the one that remained brought a married sister to the house to aid in the tapping. Miss Harris says she brought the married sister to the house because of a natural timidity and nervousness caused by loss of sleep due to the tapping from the Bromberg flat.

Bottled at the Brewery.



ANNOUNCE that their new Bottling Plant, connected by pipe line with their Lager Beer Brewery, will be in operation on Monday, January 21, at which time orders for the Brewery Bottling of their Choice Beers will be promptly filled. Complies with National Pure Food Law.

New York Office, 134 Cedar Street

BE A STAGE ANGEL FOR \$10!

COME ON, DO, AND HELP OUR STRUGGLING DRAMATISTS.

Mr. Edward Owings Towne Will Let You In With Him on a Great Uplifting Scheme and You May Help Father a Shakespeare—And Please Help About It.

The American stage is to be uplifted again. The "Players' League of America" is going to do the boosting this time, and if you will send \$10 of your money to Edward Owings Towne, who is the author of "Other People's Money," you can be a charter member. But this offer will not remain open forever. If you want to get in on the ground floor along with the other charter member uplifters you mustn't put it off too long, though an agreement to contribute the ten when the organization is complete will be sufficient to let you in.

"I know of no charity," says Mr. Towne in a letter announcing the launching of this enterprise, "which equals the charity of giving opportunity. This is the central idea of the contemplated Players' League of America."

The first opportunity given is the ten dollar charter member opportunity. This is only a preliminary. Later on it is planned to give opportunity to the great throng of unheard dramatists. In short, the wall of the doctored dramatist has reached the ear of Mr. Towne. He believes that this city, State and nation are overrun with mute, inglorious Shakespeares who have up to date been deprived of the inalienable right to stidestep the ancient egg or duck the venerable tomato. It is to be the principal mission of the Players' League of America to give them a chance.

Mr. Towne, who occupies "Suite 208 and 207" in an office building in East Twenty-eighth street, has sent out circulars announcing the objects he has in view. He proposes to build a club house at the United States and in Canada. Mr. Towne regrets the waste of millions of dollars annually to educate ministers, doctors, lawyers and painters when nothing is done to teach Clyde Pitch, Theodore Kremer and Harry B. Smith how to write plays.

Part of the scheme of uplift will be to build a club house that shall contain a fully equipped theatre where there shall be held functions known as "Authors' Dress Rehearsals." Members of the league will be supplied with balloons marked "Success," "Doubtful" and "Failure." Plays that get through the "League of Uplift" will be produced on other branches of the league in Keokuk, Minneapolis, Kansas or wherever they may be located, and if the consensus of opinion among the dramatists will be informed and requested to produce.

After the charter members are in, the membership fee will be raised to \$20, with a \$100 fee for life members. Mr. Towne believes that an organization run on these lines will go far to "mould public opinion."

Part of the scheme, of course, speaks as one at the top of the heap, to those who emmentize he is trying to elevate those less fortunate dramatists. In addition to their People's League, Mr. Towne has organized the "Rich to Marry," "By Wits Outwitted" and "In Old Madrid."

On the desk was an opened copy of "Who's Who in America," so it may be assumed that a good many of the Who's Whos will have a chance to boost the native dramatist.

PUCCINI AT THE OPERA.

Heartily Cheered at Performance of His "Manon Lescaut."

Signor Puccini, who comes here as the guest of Mr. Conried to superintend the production of "Manon Lescaut," did not reach the Metropolitan Opera House last night until the first act of "Manon Lescaut" was nearly finished. He entered the director's box, where he was received by Otto Kahn, with whom he would have dined had not the steamer been so much delayed. He was not recognized by the audience until the orchestra played a fanfare in his honor. Then the audience realized that the composer was present and burst into applause. Signor Puccini bowed from his chair but was later compelled to rise several times and acknowledge the enthusiastic applause. He appeared on the stage several times after the second act, at first with MM. Caruso and Scotti and Mme. Cavalieri, and later alone.

"I have always thought," said Signor Puccini after the second act, "that an artist has something to learn at any age. It was with delight, therefore, that I accepted the invitation of the director of the Metropolitan Opera House to come to this new world of which I saw a corner on my visit to Buenos Ayres and with which I was anxious to become better acquainted. What I have seen to-night has already proved to me that I did well to come here and I consider myself happy to be able to say that I am among my friends to whom I can speak in music with the certainty of being understood."

Signor Puccini, who is accompanied by his wife, is at the Hotel Astor. He will remain in New York for about a month. In that time "La Boheme," "Tosca," "Madama Butterfly" and "Manon Lescaut" will be performed under his direction. Signor Puccini does not conduct the orchestra and will merely oversee the production. He is to receive from Mr. Conried \$5,000 for his visit to this country.

"THE HUGENOTS"

Sung for the First Time at the Manhattan A. Fine Performance.

Giacomo Meyerbeer's gorgeous opera, "The Huguenots," was sung for the first time last night at the Manhattan Opera House. The presentation was a brilliant one and at times the big audience was aroused to almost a frenzy of enthusiasm. There is a wealth of beautiful music in the opera and all the principals took advantage of the splendid opportunity to display their vocal skill. M. Bassi was the Rosta de Noyon of the performance and he made a fine impression on the audience. His high, clear tones seemed to be well fitted for the role and he sang at all times with deep feeling.

The honors were shared with him by M. Arimondi, the basso, who sang Marcello, by M. Ancona, who was the Count di Nere, by M. Valente, who sang the Duke of Orleans, and by M. Pinkert, who sang the Duke of Orleans. M. de Cienaros made a most charming Urbano and she received showers of applause from the audience.

ST. LOUIS WANTS NABAN FRANKO

Offer of \$15,000 a Year for Five Years Made to New York Conductor.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 18.—A movement is on foot to bring Naban Franko, the orchestra conductor, to St. Louis under a contract for five years at an annual salary of \$15,000. Richard Spamer, who has many interests in local musical affairs, is at the head of the movement. Mr. Spamer said to-night: "Naban Franko is a man of great talent and I believe that he will be a great asset to St. Louis. He is a permanent orchestra of seventy men, to inaugurate a twice a week orchestra concert series and to arrange for grand opera productions, which will be similar events. Mr. Franko's backers guarantee him an annual salary of \$15,000 for five years."

Test Case for Theatrical Trust Inquiry.

The investigation into the charge that the theatrical trust committed criminal conspiracy in restraint of trade, which was to have been taken up yesterday by Assistant District Attorney Knevel, has been postponed until next Monday. An agreement has been reached by Mr. Knevel and Edward Lauterbach, counsel for these allied trusts, to decide upon a test case which will be submitted either to the Grand Jury or to a Police Magistrate. Then the question will be fought out on habeas corpus proceedings.

Canadian Pacific Grants More Pay.

MONTREAL, Jan. 18.—The Canadian Pacific Railway granted last night an all around increase in wages to their builders. A committee representing the men has been here for a week in conference with Vice-President MacNicol and they express themselves as fully satisfied with the settlement.

OBITUARY.

George B. Fabry, one of the oldest and best known dry goods merchants in Boston and a member of the firm of Bliss, Fabry & Co., died yesterday in Brooklyn after an illness of more than a year, aged 70. Mr. Fabry held positions of trust in many business enterprises. He was treasurer of the Androscoquin Mills, Otis Company, Columbia Trust Company, Old Colony Trust Company and the Metropolitan Storage Warehouse Company.

Joseph H. Hart, who died on Wednesday at his home, 965 Second avenue, Brooklyn, in his fifty-third year, had been connected with the United States customs service for twenty-two years. He was a graduate of Queens College, New York, and was a member of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan and of the Grand Old Law of the United States.

William H. Adair, aged 85 years, died at his home in Easton, N. Y., yesterday. He had been conspicuous in the Baptist denomination in the State for more than half a century. He conducted a large flouring mill business at Hariton and was identified with the grain business in Somerset county before the civil war.

John L. Meeker, 74 years old, of 600 High street, Newark, died at his home in that city yesterday of pneumonia and heart disease. He was one of the founders of the Passmore & Meeker firm, builders. He is survived by a wife and a son, William Passmore Meeker.

PUCCINI'S "MANON LESCAUT."

THE COMPOSER PRESENT AT THE PERFORMANCE.

Writer of "Tosca" and "La Boheme" Enthusiastically Received at the Metropolitan—Opera Pleases Large Audience—Honors Go to Caruso and Scotti.

Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" was produced last night at the Metropolitan Opera House. The occasion was made especially interesting by the fact that Mr. Puccini, who is without question the leading Italian opera composer of to-day, was present. He sat in the directors' box during the first act, at the close of which the orchestra saluted him with a fanfare and called the attention of the audience to him.

A great storm of applause and cheers followed and the composer was obliged to rise and bow half a dozen times. At the end of the second act he appeared before the curtain in company with the three principal singers. He was again acclaimed with immense enthusiasm and eight or ten times followed. Once the artists succeeded in escaping and leaving him alone on the stage to receive salutes of thunderous applause. It was a night of enthusiasm, and well it might be, for the New York public does not often catch a real, live opera composer.

The opera, in spite of a performance which had some regrettable defects, was received with favor. It is an important work, deemed by many leading European critics to be Puccini's masterpiece. It was certainly worthy of a more convincing exposition than it received last night, when the vocal shortcomings of the handsome prima donna diminished the eloquence of the leading numbers.

Auber tried his hand at a setting of the Abbe Prevost's romance "Manon Lescaut," but this did not attract wide attention. Massenet's "Manon" is well known. It has been sung at the Metropolitan by Jean de Reszke and Sibel Sanderson and also by Ernst van Dyke and Frances Saville. Puccini's work had a sporadic performance at Wallace's Theatre in May, 1883, but the true merit of the opera was not disclosed. Last night's presentation, though imperfect, may fairly be regarded as the premier of the opera in this city.

Massenet's version of "Manon" presents a more connected story than Puccini's. The latter is rather a series of pictures, composed in that highly colorful style which is familiar to us in the music of "La Boheme" and "Madama Butterfly." Puccini's "Manon" is a more complete work, and we learn later on the bodiment of the weak character of Manon, her passion and her vanity, her vacillation and her frailty, together with the great, foolish love of Des Grieux. Subordinate to these are studies of the soundlessly personation of the brother, Lescaut, the ancient rous Geronte, and the scenic incidents of the story.

The first act shows the arrival of Manon in Paris, her meeting with Des Grieux, his love for her, the plan of Des Grieux to carry her off and her flight with Des Grieux with the aid of Edmond. The second act discloses Manon surrounded by luxury, the mistress of Geronte. Des Grieux with the aid of Lescaut, finds her, and after reproaching her yields to her seductions and leaves her to her fate. The third act shows the two together and for revenge sets the police on the girl's track. They catch her in the act of trying to meet off with her jewels. She is arrested for larceny and, as we learn later, condemned to be transported with a cargo of filles de joie. Now comes the intermezzo without which the opera is incomplete. The thematic contents of this intermezzo are designed to represent the imprisonment of Manon, the sad journey and the hopeless passion of Des Grieux.

The third act shows us Des Grieux and Lescaut watching by the prison. Lescaut has planned a rescue, but through the vacillation of Manon it fails. Lescaut is marched on board the ship, and Des Grieux, despairing, prevails upon the captain to take him too.

The scene takes place on "a vast plain near New Orleans." Des Grieux and Manon wander wayworn and dejected. The latter, who has been waiting for Lescaut to seek for water. Manon loses heart. Des Grieux returns and she dies in his arms, proclaiming that her love will live forever. The opera is a masterpiece of dramatic structure and emotional power. It is a story along its broad emotional lines. He has sought for the elemental feelings, and in most instances has found them for them. The opera is a masterpiece of dramatic structure and emotional power. It is a story along its broad emotional lines. He has sought for the elemental feelings, and in most instances has found them for them.

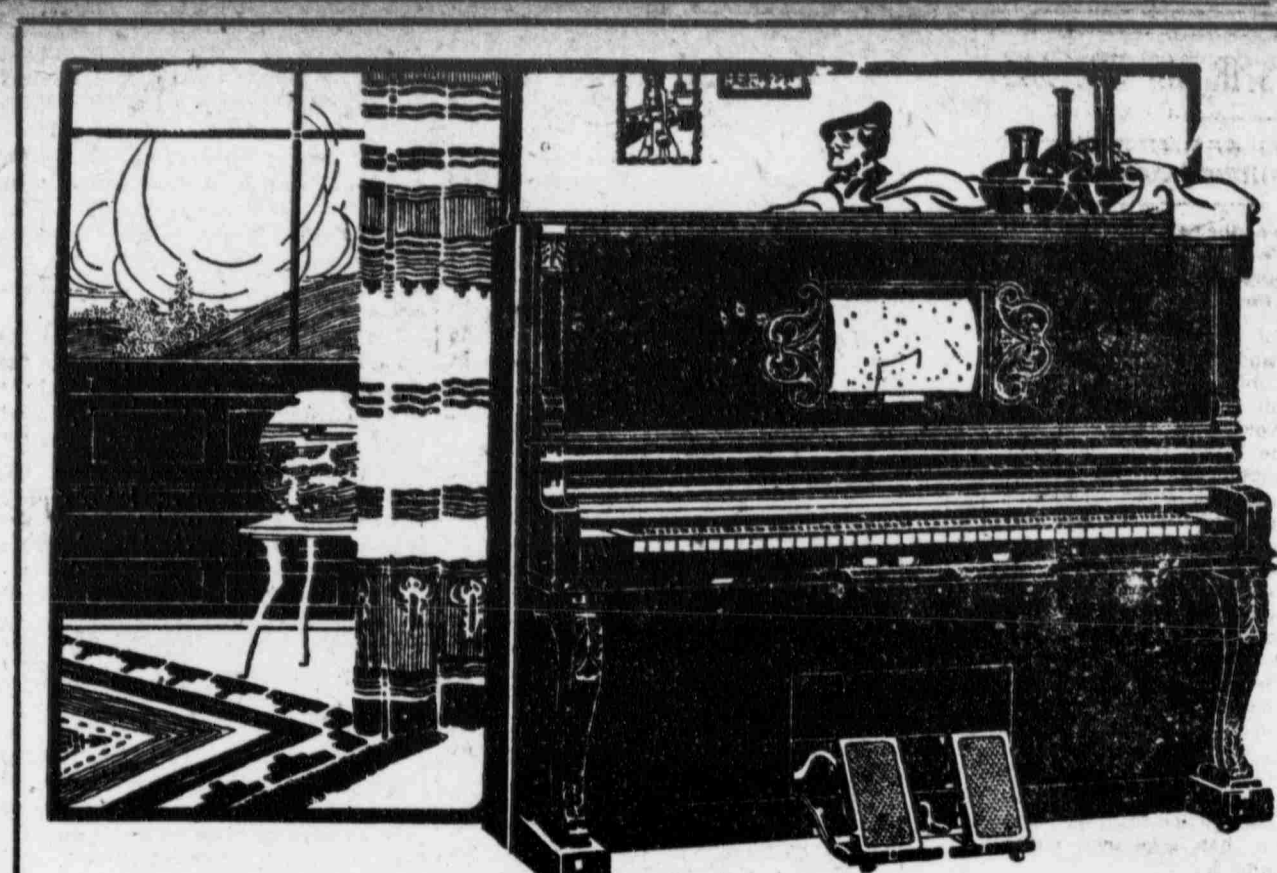
The third act is in musical structure the most ingenious in the work. Here Puccini has shown his mastery of the younger Italian in making the chorus a part of the drama. The comments of the crowd on the filles de joie as they are led off to the different parts of the characters of the latter are masterly. Puccini has made a score of genuine dramatic quality out of the situation of the libretto. It has been said that this opera differs from Massenet's "Manon" just as "Faust" differs from "The Student of Prague." Doubtless what was meant by this comment was that in this opera the workings of a larger genius for form and dramatic structure were evident. Puccini's compositions operate stagecraft is observable, but still more important is that grip on musical feeling which gives to the opera a certain solidity and firmness of texture too often wanting in the passionate and brilliant works of some of his contemporaries.

What will appeal most forcibly to the musical listener to this work are the crystalline transparency of the scoring, the delicate and effective use of the orchestra of means to end in the treatment of the subsidiary vocal parts in the concerted bits and ensemble, the virile breadth and force of the love music, and the poignant dramatic expressiveness of the final scene. We may hope that what the New York public is cautious about taking novelties to its heart that "Manon Lescaut" will win its way to general favor. As has been estimated, last night's performance left not a little to be desired. Miss Cavalieri was a handsome Manon and her acting showed temperance. But her singing was feeble and her voice was getting in intonation and generally rude, crude and spasmodic in style.

Mr. Rossi was altogether unequal to the demand for success of the principal characters. It remained for Mr. Caruso as Des Grieux and Mr. Scotti as Lescaut to carry off the honors of the evening. The doings of the chorus and the minor personages comment may be reserved for a second performance. The orchestra played well, though the first violins were getting on in intonation and generally rude, crude and spasmodic in style.

News of Plays and Players.

"The Girl and the Governor," musical comedy in which Jefferson De Angelis is starring, will be put on at the Manhattan Theatre on Monday, February 4. Henry W. Savage has completed the cast of players who will support Raymond Hitchcock in the new comic opera, "A Yankee Tourist." Among the principals are Miss Flora Zabelle, Miss Helen Hale, Herbert Catherline, Walter Lawrence, Harry Stone, Walter Henry and Philip Smalley. Rehearsals begin to-day under the direction of George Marion.



The AUTOPIANO Is the Open Sesame to the World's Treasure-House of Music

JUST as the magic charm in the Arabian Nights' entertainments procured entrance to the treasure cavern, so the AUTOPIANO unlocks for its fortunate possessor the world's riches of music.

All fields are conquered by the gliding roll of paper—operas from Mozart to Puccini, orchestral works from Haydn to Richard Strauss, piano compositions of every musical epoch, as well as the vast family of the "music of the day." The household that counts an Autopiano among its treasures learns to know music, without ever having to take the trouble to learn how to play the piano—and the quest for musical knowledge thus begun, constantly leads to higher fields—becomes, in truth, a real musical education.

But, besides being a mechanical piano-player of rare excellence, responding to the demands of the musically discerning, the Autopiano is a carefully built, admirably finished upright piano of great merit—an instrument that is the pride of the factory producing it. So the piano-playing members of the family are included in the benefits that come from the purchase of an Autopiano.

And the purchase is delightfully easy—in the first place, the price of the Autopiano is extremely low—

\$485 or a clear hundred dollars less than it should logically be sold for, when compared with other player-pianos. And during the month of January, the payment of but

Twenty Dollars Places the Autopiano in Your Home

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We have, in addition to the Autopiano, the Emerson-Angelus and the Knabe-Angelus—each the best instrument sold at its price.

JOHN WANAMAKER Formerly A. T. Stewart & Co., Broadway, Fourth Avenue, Eighth to Tenth Street.

OLD TIME MINSTREL GENE.

GENE DAMELI THAT USED TO PERSONATE PRIMA DONNAS.

Won a Name Also as Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—First Made a Reputation at 444 Broadway—His Story as Told by Old Johnny Unsworth, Himself 70 Years Old

Old Johnny Unsworth, himself one of the last of the old time negro minstrels, sat beside the body of his lifelong friend and partner, Eugene D'Ameli, yesterday talking about the old days when Thomas D. Rice with his "Jim Crow" song, Dan Emmett, Dan Bryant, Frank Brown, Jim Unsworth and Gene D'Ameli, besides a host of other pioneers in black face, plink plunked the banjo, jingled the tambourine, rattled the bones and made laughter from the Battery to the Golden Gate.

Old Johnny was low spirited because Eugene D'Ameli died yesterday at their home, 700 Macon street, Brooklyn, after months of illness, and he had nursed his partner night and day, cheering him up by singing some of the old ditty songs that used to bring down the house when Gene was a star at Wood's Minstrel Hall, at 444 Broadway, more than half a century ago. D'Ameli would have been 71 years old if he had lived until next June, but he has been more than twenty years since he put away his makeup book and turned his back on the stage.

"Here's his picture, son," said Old Johnny, "and that was taken the Lord only knows how many years ago, about the time he went over to Berlin and made the Prussians wonder whether it was a man or a woman that danced out in all the red and yellow and black and white. The picture shows him in a beaver hat, long, narrow waisted coat, trousers full at the knee and very small at the ankle (pegs), gold headed cane—all of a half forgotten fashion. He was born, said Old Johnny, in New York, June 4, 1836, and took to the stage like a duck to water.

"When Gene was a boy," said Unsworth, "Tom Rice was making a hit with the Virginia Minstrels, and with Dan Emmett, Billy Whitford and other burnt cork artists he was making good in the first experiments with negro minstrelsy. Charley White, one of the best of 'em all, was playing the accordion, and Gene was a singer. He was up the first minstrel song book ever issued. Then there was my brother Jim, who worked with Gene for years, and who was the first to sing 'Dinah, Dinah, Dinah' in 1854. He was about 1851 with the old Christy Minstrels here in New York. I recall, too, G. W. H. Griffin, who was with Jerry Bryant's Minstrels, with Christy & Wood's Minstrels, at 444 Broadway, in 1853; with Griffin & Christy's Minstrels at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and at Hooley's Opera House in Brooklyn. It's hard to place all these old timers in the business, but among the others were Dick Hooley, Ben Cotton and Billy Birch. Gene was a right in their class. He was a kin pin in specialties that none of them could touch.

"The first appearance Gene ever made was with the Christy & Wood troupe at 444 Broadway, in the old minstrel hall that used to stand just above Canal street. Because he was small and slight and built somewhat like a woman Gene started female impersonations, always in black face, as a minstrel show specialty. In those days 444 Broadway was uptown, because the north limit of the Broadway promenade, where you could bow to all the well-known actors and sporting characters of that

POMPTON STEEL WORKS TO MOVE.

Handicapped in Getting Iron and Coal and Water Power.

PATERSON, N. J., Jan. 18.—The Pompton Steel Works, the sole industry of Pompton, N. J., which has been carried on there since before the Revolutionary War, is to be abandoned and the machinery removed to Watervliet, Albany county, New York. The works in Watervliet will occupy thirty and a half acres on Fifth street and the Delaware and Hudson Railroad tracks. The company leaves Pompton because Pompton Lake was washed away in the flood of October, 1905, and it has been handicapped in getting iron and coal and an adequate water power.

TERRIBLE ITCHING AND SCRATCHING

On Hands, Feet and Face—Caused by Poison Oak and Ivy—Was Unable to Rest Night or Day—Developed into Eczema, which Affected Whole of System—Suffered 4 Years Without Relief.

CURED BY THE CUTICURA REMEDIES

"A healthy person does not heed statements made by sick people, but if such persons suffer from poisonous weeds, a remedy is anxiously desired. I suffered severely for four years from poison oak and ivy. My condition was serious, as I could not rest night or day and be free from a terrible itching sensation from scratching on my hands between the fingers, my feet and face. I got the best of advice and treatment from six different doctors who were anxious to cure me. One of the doctors told me that when the poison was cured, eczema (a worse disease) would follow, which became true. My eyesight was affected, and I went to a hospital especially for the eyes and got relief, but eczema got a terrible hold on my system. "I was about to give up all hope of ever being cured, yet I could not be reconciled to such results, as my health had been good and free from any disease all my life. My age is seventy-three years. My extremity I happened to read of Cuticura Remedies for skin diseases, and wrote you to please send me a supply of the Cuticura Remedies. I was anxious about my condition and desired to evade any spurious imitation. This was in July, 1905, and I was instructed to call on a certain druggist for the Cuticura Remedies. I bought five boxes Cuticura Ointment; also some Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Pills as I required them. In four weeks' treatment my face was smooth, and the itching gradually left my hands and feet and I could rest comfortably for weeks. I am grateful and happy. W. Field Cowen, Justice of the Peace and Notary Public, Hartly, Del., May 15, 1906."

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Kind of Skin Disease, including Eczema, Psoriasis, Scabies, etc. Cuticura Soap, 25c; Cuticura Ointment, 50c; Cuticura Pills, 50c. Total, \$1.25. Sent by mail on receipt of the above. (Cheques and money orders payable to J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.)

Court Calendars This Day.

Appellate Division—Supreme Court, Adjourned till Tuesday, January 23, 1907, at 1 P. M. Supreme Court—Special Term, Part II.—Court opens at 10:30 A. M. Ex parte matters. Surrogate Court—Chambers, Court opens at 10:30 A. M. For probate—Wills of Florence H. Lincoln, Charles H. Latham, at 10:30 A. M. City Court—Special Term.—Court opens at 10 A. M. Motions.

Court of Appeals Calendar.

ALBANY, Jan. 18.—Court of Appeals calendar for Monday, Jan. 19, at 10:30 A. M. calendar. Nos. 18, 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23 new calendar.